Claudio My liege, your Highneſſe nowe may doe mee good.

Pedro My loue is thine to teach, teach it but how,
And thou ſhalt ſee how apt it is to learne
Any hard leſſon that may do thee good.

Clau. Hath Leonato any ſonne, my lord?

Pedro No childe but Hero, ſhees his onely heire:
Dooſt thou affect her Claudio?

Claudio O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I lookt vpon her with a ſouldiers eie,
That likt, but had a rougher taske in hand,
Than to driue liking to the name of loue:
But now I am returnde, and that warre-thoughts,
Haue left their places vacant: in their roomes,
Come thronging ſoft and delicate deſires,
All prompting mee how faire yong Hero is,
Saying I likt her ere I went to warres.

Pedro Thou wilt be like a louer preſently,
And tire the hearer with a booke of words,
If thou doſt loue faire Hero, cheriſh it,
And I wil breake with hir, and with her father,
And thou ſhalt haue her: waſt not to this end,
That thou beganſt to twiſt ſo fine a ſtorie?

Clau. How ſweetly you do miniſter to loue,
That know loues griefe by his complexion!
But leſt my liking might too ſodaine ſeeme,
I would haue ſalude it with a longer treatiſe.

Pedro What need the bridge much broder then the flood?
The faireſt graunt is the neceſſitie:
Looke what wil ſerue is fit: tis once, thou loueſt,
And I wil fit thee with the remedie,
I know we ſhall haue reuelling to night,
I wil aſſume thy part in ſome diſguiſe,
And tell faire Hero I am Claudio,
And in her boſome ile vnclaſpe my heart,
And take her hearing priſoner with the force

And ſtrong incounter of
Then after, to her father w
And the concluſion is, ſh
In practiſe let vs put it pre

Enter Leonato and

Leo. How now brothe
he prouided this muſique

Old He is very buſie a
ſtrange newes that you yet

Leo. Are they good?

Old As the euents ſtan
uer: they ſhew well outw
walking in a thicke pleach
much ouer-heard by a ma
Claudio that he loued my
acknowledge it this night
cordant, he meant to take
ſtantly breake with you of

Leo Hath the fellow ar

Old A good ſharp fell
him your ſelfe.

Leo. No, no, we wil ho
but I will acquaint my dau
better prepared for an anſw
you and tel hir of it: cooſin
O I crie you mercie friend
ſhill: good coſin haue a car

Enter ſir Iohn the baſt

Con. What the goodyee
meaſure ſad?

Iohn There is no meaſu
fore the ſadneſſe is without

Con. You ſhould heare

Iohn And when I haue

Con If not a preſent rem

Iohn I wonder that thou
vnder Saturne) goeſt abou

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